

MARKS'S EDITION.

THE ADVENTURES
OF
TIMOTHY DUMP,
AND HIS DOG TOBY.



TIMOTHY DUMP PLAYING THE FIDDLE.

LONDON.

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TIMOTHY DUMP
AND HIS DOG TOBY.



What a funny old man was Timothy Dump,
Who lived in a garret so high,
The nose on his face was a very large lump,
And he wore his wig always a-wry.
His little dog Toby he called his best friend,
And having but little to eat,
Said he, "to the market our way let us bend,
And get little Toby some meat."



In his fine scarlet coat, Dumpy left his abode,
And patted his dear little dog,
But the weather so changed as they passed on
the road,

They were both of them lost in the fog.
Poor Toby he barked, and Dumpy he bawled
While out of the town they did roam
Over hedges, through ditches, they scrambled
and crawled,
But alas! could not find their way home.



The rain it came heavily down on poor Dump
Not a house or a tree could he spy,
Till a style (as he thought) on the road met,
him plump,
Thought he, who's more nimble than I.

Getting over he slipped in the mud we suppose
And into a pigsty he fell,
The sow seized him fast by his over long nose
While toby most loudly did yell.



The farmers came out at this terrible noise,
And found poor old Tim in sad plight,
He called out all his men, his helpers, and boys,
Declaring things could not be right.

Dump begged and he prayed, but it all proved
in vain,
Said many misfortunes had crossed them,
They called him a thief, well deserving of pain,
And then in a blanket they tossed 'em.



Without hat or wig, he then struggled away
To a tent that stood by the road side,
Where gipsies were cooking their food for the day
Thinking there for a time to abide.

They called him a spy, with a terrible shout
Seized their cudgels, prepared for a strife;
They kicked him, they thumped him, and then
turned him out,
To run like a dog for his life.



They caught him again, and in spite of his cries,
Which poor Toby did sadly affright,
They tied both his arms, and then bandaged his
eyes,
Until Toby howled loud at the sight.

The farmer's men bawled out, lets give them a ride,
Then placed Dump and his dog in a barrow,
And bundled them into a ditch deep and wide
On the heath near the sign of the Harrow.



Tim at length struggled out, and came to the inn,
All wet and begrimed there he stood,
Begone said the mistress, you shall not come in
You'll make my house all over mud.
He told her his tale with a pitiful face,
Which over her heart did prevail,
Sat him down by the fire (as that altered the case,)
And gave him a cup of good ale.



She brought him a hat, and she brought him a
wig,

And found he could play on the fiddle
He rosined the bow, then struck up a jig,

While Toby danced hey diddle diddle.

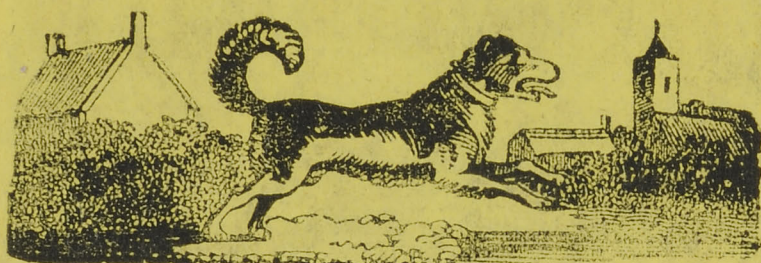
But when he returned to his garret again,

How thankful he was to be there,
Free from troubles and crosses, from terror
and pain,

He uttered to heaven a prayer.

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POETRY.



THE DOG.

The Horse, the Cow, the Sheep you've seen
How use-ful they have al-ways been ;
And there 's an-oth-er crea-ture yet
Whose me-rits we must not for-get.

It is the Dog---so good to guard
His mas-ter's cot-tage, house, or yard,
Dis-hon-est men a-way to keep,
And guard us safe-ly while we sleep.

For if at mid-night, still and dark,
Strange steps he hears, with an-gry bark
He bids his mas-ter wake and see
If thieves or hon-est folks they be.

At home, a-broad, o-be-di-ent still,
His on-ly guide his mas-ter's will ;
Be-fore his steps, or by his side,
He runs or walks with joy or pride.

But whilst his me-rits thus we praise,
Pleas'd with his cha-rac-ter and ways,
This let us learn, as well we may,
To love our teach-ers, and o-bey.